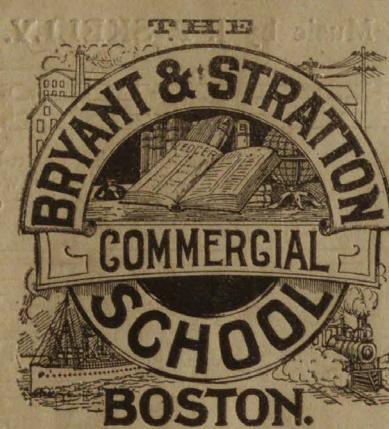


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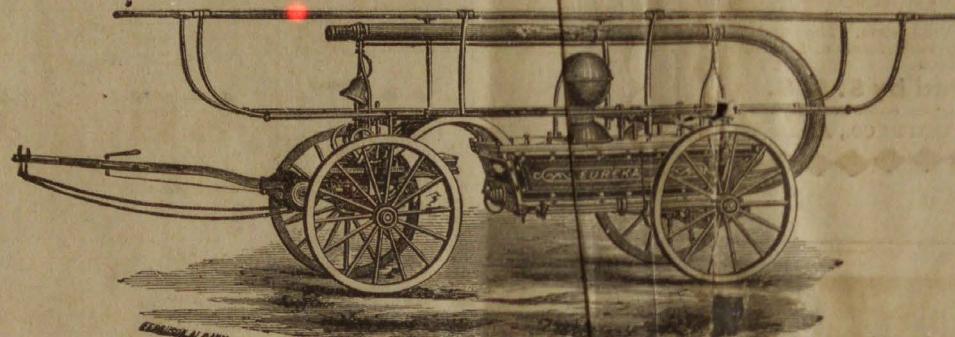
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## TUBS WITH A HISTORY.

A SKETCH OF THE OLD HAND ENGINES OF SOUTH DANVERS,  
BY A VETERAN OF THE OLD HAND DEPARTMENT.



When steam fire engines became a necessity to every progressive community, and with the high pressure water service caused the disbandment of the old engine companies, and the sale of the old machines, few persons imagined that the old interest in the hand tubs would ever be revived again, and that the rivalries, jealousies, prejudices and hatreds so long buried and apparently consigned to oblivion would be stirred into life again, and flame up with old time vigor. To be sure the present veteran movement had its origin in a spirit of fun and diversion amongst the old time firemen, and is in accord with that inherent spirit of comradeship which impels men who have toiled or fought together in a common cause, to meet and talk over old times and old achievements. Nevertheless the spirit engendered by this movement is as deep and as genuine, as when the rival companies met at a fire thirty or forty years ago, and the first on the field sought the chance to put their "butts" into the tub of a hated rival. If the machines were of different make the rivalry was intensified, and the desire for revenge or glory more vehement. It may appear singular that staid old citizens, grandfathers, solid men of affairs should be moved to take interest in such apparent trivialities, but after all sentiment rules the world, and once a fireman always a fireman; the older the more ardent.

Fourty-five years ago there were eight hand engines in the towns of South Danvers and Danvers. The towns were more nearly equal in population and business than at the present time. There was a good deal of jealousy between the two places, and each was bound to have her full requirements in all matters of public improvement. Both places got high schools together in 1850, and in 1855 the newly erected town house in Danvers was an exact duplicate of the one in South Danvers of the same date.

Torrent No. 3 was located on Central street, or the lane, as it was called, just in front of its present position. Eagle 5 was housed on Main street, just about the site of Nugent's shoe store, near G. A. Hall, Gen. Foster No. 7 was located on the Square, between Hutchinson's grocery store and the PRESS Office, and the house of Volunteer 8 stood in front of Nathaniel Annable's blacksmith shop, near the corner of Grove street.

Old Niagara, the pioneer engine, was still in existence and was taken out for fun occasionally, but as it had to be filled with buckets its day had gone by. There were several fire engines in those days that had no power of draughting water and were only useful at a fire in taking water from another machine. The old Sutton, down in the hollow, was of this class. She was a double decker, built by Agnew of Philadelphia, and the Exchange and Constitution of Salem were of the same pattern. These engines, with their triple tiers of men, presented a formidable appearance, but they were about as big as line of battle ships and a clumsy.

The Torrent was built by Hunneman of Roxbury nearly 50 years ago, and despite her long years of service, neglect and hard usage, is good today for a long squirt, and a formidable rival of the fanciest machine of modern make. Her cylinders are 5 1/2 inches in diameter and 16 inches in length. This long stroke gives her a peculiar power of throwing a slight jet of water an unexpected distance, and has been the means of winning many a prize. The men who manned the brakes on the Torrent lived right around the neighborhood, and nearly all of them were farmers and cultivated the famous Danvers onion. Some, too, were potters, but every man lived in the house which his father had built and could trace his descent to the first settlers. They were not particularly stylish firemen, but they always got there, and in

quick time, too. Philip Osorn was captain for a good many years, and a good one he was. There were always Pipe had come around, and the Veter-Bushbys, Buxtons and Osborns on the of by gone days were banding together for old association sake, and so list. A famous pipeman was big Ben the money was quickly made up, and Stevens; seven feet high, he appeared, the old tub came back to town after and broad in proportion. The pipe he many years absence. It was fitting used was as huge as himself, and on a stout old Abraham Osborn should summer evening, when the lancers hauled down their little tub to have a try at the South Church spire, the towering form of Ben was seen above all the crowd, as waiting for the water to come, he pointed his great pipe upward, and seemed to lift the steam as it rose to the top of the steeple. Nearly

all the playing was perpendicular in those days, and in the great muster in Manchester, N. H., in '59 or '60, where fifty engines contested, the judges were perched up in the steeple of near-by church, in order to form a more exact judgment of the heights of the streams. Perpendicular streams cannot be measured as accurately as horizontal ones, and they are much more severe on an engine and crew.

As the playing in Manchester was through 400 feet of hose and a small pipe, it is easy to conceive what pressure had to be maintained. There were engines of repute from all over New England at this muster, but the first prize was taken by a little country tub from Winchendon. The big double-decker, the Yale of South Reading, was a second engine. No. 2 from our town were present at the great contest, but a large delegation of the Volunteers were there as guests of the Agiles of Newburyport and Eagle company of Bangor.

The location of the Torrent, in the midst of population, mainly farmers, removed from factories, and apart from the busy centre, was the means of keeping the company in service long after the introduction of steamers and high service. Then there was also an intense local pride in the little tub and her achievements. She had been taken to fairs and had competed successfully with the crack machines of other towns and had won from more pretentious adversaries—money and trumpets—and glory.

But her day had come; new conditions had arisen. A water supply, whose power is only equalled by its richness, and whose beneficial effects exceed all its other qualities, extended to the people's security so boundless and a safety so palpable that all doubts were dispelled and all opposition vanished.

The Torrents disbanded and a hose company was put into the old house. That grotto-like carving, the emanation of a medieval imagination remained over the entrance and hangs there today. The old engine was finally sold, and had apparently gone into oblivion. Years elapsed, and one

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fate remains untold in martial strain," and it is only when chance brings a few old timers together that the scenes and actors are brought upon the stage, and comrades of youthful days take shape and live again.

The Gen. Foster was housed on Lowell street, near the PRESS Office, and was also a Leslie machine. Her company at that time was made up mainly of rising young business men, or the sons of the old tanners and curriers of Foster and Central streets. Dana, Woodbury and Reuben Nelson were two of the best known captains. The company was a very lively and a very hospitable one. They had plenty of money, a nice uniform and they all looked well. The Dodges, Harris', Proctors and Nelsons were amongst the leading spirits of the old Foster crew. They cared little for record playing, but they were prompt to the call of duty, and very active in getting to a fire. When they went to a muster, it was more for fun than glory, and if any accident happened through liveliness, it was promptly and satisfactorily adjusted and settled on the spot.

When the fire districts were changed the Foster was moved to the corner of Washington and Mason streets and a new company with new officers took charge of the machine. H. A. Besse, Robert B. Bancroft and others now dead and gone were elected in succession to command, and the engine performed good service until the final disbandment of the company. She was finally disposed of to a country town, and has ere this probably suffered the fate of the famous one horse shay.

The advent of the Volunteer was somewhat peculiar. The machine, as well as the subsequent one of the same name, was built by L. Button & Co., of Waterford, N. Y., and the new Salem tub is the product of the same builders and is practically of the same pattern and size as the present Volunteer of Central Falls, R. I.

The old Volunteer was built for the people of Roxbury, but in her first trial it was claimed that in some requirements she was not up to contract, so she was sold by the builder to Gen. Sutton, who presented her to this town, to be used by the company then located at the corner of Main and Grove street for fire purposes. The company who had been using the old engine, reluctantly accepted the gift, and new members were attracted by the strange machine. She was an innovation on anything seen in these parts, for she was a side stroke engine.

The first Eagle was rather a funny machine. It worked with a queer push and pull motion,—that is, horizontal, instead of the usual perpendicular or up and down action of the brakes. This, to be sure, was a novelty, but it was not a success. Edward Leslie of Newburyport was the maker of the first Eagle, and the subsequent ones were built by him. The Eagle was a side stroke engine, on the side and play from the opposite side. They have folding brakes which swing out when ready to play, and their cylinders or pumps are narrow and very long. The side stroke engine, on the other hand, draughts from the end or stern and discharges through the front of the tub. Her brakes are always ready for action by just pulling them down in place and her cylinders are wide and short. Thus the cylinders of the new Salem machine are 10 inches in diameter and 7 1/2 inches in length. Those of the Torrent are 5 1/2 inches in diameter and 16 inches in length. This gives the two an entirely different stroke, one short and quick, the other long and slow. The Washington, owned by the Unions, is a side stroke, built by Jeffers of Pawtucket, but it has a somewhat longer action than the Salem's. In addition to the

(Continued on 4th Page.)

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CURES  
Irregularity,

Suppressed or Painful Menstruations  
Weakness of the Stomach, Indigestion,  
Bloating, Flooding, Nervous Prostration,  
Headache, General Debility, Kidney Complaints in either sex. It will relieve

Backache, Faintness,

Extreme Lassitude, "don't care" and  
"want-to-be-left-alone" feeling, excitability,  
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flatulence, melancholy, or the "blues." These are sure indications of  
Female Weakness, some derangement of  
the Uterus, or

Womb Troubles.

Every woman, married or single, should  
read "Woman's Beauty, Peril, Duty," an illustrated book of 30 pages,  
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every woman should know about herself.  
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A great variety of grades and patterns at ridiculously low prices to close them out! These are FINE

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you ought to keep your flesh up. Disease will follow, if you let it get below a healthy standard. No matter how this comes, what you need is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. That is the greatest flesh-builder known to medical science far surpassing filthy Cod liver oil and all its nasty compounds. It's suited to the most delicate stomachs. It makes the morbidly thin, plump and rosy, with health and strength.

The Discovery is sold on trial. In everything, that's claimed for it, as a strength-restorer, blood-cleanser, and fleshmaker, if it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

Rupture or breach, permanently cured without the knife. Address for pamphlet and references, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

It takes a pretty lively sprinter to pass his 100th birthday.

## A Grand Feature

Of Hood's Sarsaparilla is that while it purifies the blood and sends it coursing through the veins full of richness and health, it also imparts new life and vigor to every function of the body. Hence the expression so often heard; "Hood's Sarsaparilla made a new person of me." It overcomes that tired feeling so common now.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, always reliable and beneficial.

Do you have headache, dizziness, drowsiness, loss of appetite and other symptoms of biliousness? Hood's Sarsaparilla will cure you.

Featherstone—I bear that you are going to move, Ringway.

Ringway—Move! I should like to know where you heard that.

Featherstone—Your landlord told me.

## An Honest Preparation

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy will do all that is claimed for it. It was a sufferer for years with dyspepsia and kidney complaint. Favorite Remedy cured me.

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What makes you think he is so in love with you?

Oh, I know it, because he is so attentive to other girls when I am present.—Truth.

## Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

The Breaking of Records.

What science can do in this direction she does hard.

Steamship captains, horse owners, bicycle-riders, and a lot of other people, are making strenuous and untiring efforts to "break the record." The great public looks on at the game with good-natured interest.

Once in a while sober science does a little record smashing on her own account. One of her latest and greatest achievements is the discovery and application of a process for artificially digesting food so that it is absorbed immediately by the system, without incurring the least labor in a weak stomach. This food is called Paskola. It restores the debilitated, and gives fat to the thin because it is starchy. Only starch adds real, solid lasting flesh to the body. Oils and fats don't and never will.

Mr. H. O. Mahood, of Emlenton, Venango Co., Pa., says: "I was so weak and run down that I thought I would have to give up my business. I could not eat nor sleep. After one bottle of Paskola I began to gain at once and have gained over fifteen pounds in less than three weeks and I now feel like a new man."

No wonder.

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Paskola may be bought of any reputable druggist. An interesting pamphlet on food and digestion will be mailed free, on application to

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Charlie—Mamma, maynt I go to the street for a bit? The boys say there's a comet to be seen.

Mamma—Well, yes; but don't go too near—Tid-bits.

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No disease is more common among the people than scrofula. Handed down from generation to generation, it is found in nearly every family in some form. It may make its appearance in dreadful running sores, in swellings in the neck or goitre, or in eruptions of varied forms. Attaching the mucous membrane it may be known as catarrh, or developing in the lungs it may be, and often is, the prime cause of consumption.

In whatever form scrofula may manifest itself, Hood's Sarsaparilla is its inveterate foe and conqueror. This medicine has such powerful alterative and vitalizing effects upon the blood that every trace of impurity is expelled, and the blood is made rich, pure and healthy.

Lady (handing out some cold victuals)—Why don't you go to work?

Tramp—Well, ma'am, it's this way. When I'm hungry I'm too weak to work and when I'm full, why, of course, I don't need to work—New York Press.

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Are occasioned by an impure and impure condition of the blood. Slight impurities, if not corrected, develop into serious maladies, such as

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Indante.

1. With-in her chamber  
2. In youth their vows were  
3. In old - en days of

lone - ly A maid en sat in thought; With pen - sive sighs and vain re-grets Her  
plight-ed, gladd-ness, She claimed him for her own; From childhood's play - ing day by day, Their  
glad-ness, Her let - ters fond-ly told The love that bloomed with-in her heart, She

ten - der heart was wrought, guile - less love had grown, She wrote a letter to her Ned, The one she loved so  
thought 'twould ne'er grow cold, But some one breath'd inconstancy In - to the sweethearts him come a -

dear, And this is what she penn'd to him, With many a bit - ter tear:  
ear - gain; She on - ly sigh'd and call'd to him In tone so sad and drear:  
gain; But now that he is false to her, This is her sad re-frain:

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DIDN'T USE

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Condition Powder

It is also very highly concentrated, therefore used in small doses, no other kind one fourth as strong in quantity it costs less than one-tenth a day per hen. "One large can saved me \$100 send six more to pay for roup & as winter" says a customer. Sold by druggists, grocers and food dealers. No other ever made like it.

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SHOE DRESSING  
keeps shoes black, and does  
not crack the leather.  
No Ammonia, No Acids  
to rot or crack.  
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to preserve leather and make  
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When, two years ago, the Boston Weekly Journal presented to new as well as old-time patrons its claims, in view of the change from the folio to the quart form—from a paper of four pages and thirty-six columns to one of eight pages and fifty-six columns—the prospects were announced as most promising; and now that it comes again, after a second year that more than realized the expectations, it has warrant for giving still greater promise for the year to come.

## DEVELOPED FEATURES.

The features of the past year, including those of varied and attractive illustrations, fine typographical appearance, good classification and comprehensive presentation of local and general news, will be continued and as much as possible still further developed, and diversified.

## ATTRACIONS FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.

The paper will be maintained in the future, as in the past, on a plane of pure morals and correct taste, that makes it an ideal one to enter the home circle. One of the most attractive elements in this direction will be the continuation of new and original contributions by authors of established reputation, worthy of general reading for their literary value, as well as their enlivening social and educational interest.

## POLITICAL STABILITY.

The coming year bids fair to be one of marked political interest to the nation in view of the pending issues, and the Journal can be relied on to show the stability of character and the sterling adherence to Republican principles that have actuated its course in the past.

## EVIDENCES OF APPRECIATION.

On all sides during the year now over, and in a constantly increasing degree of enthusiasm, notes of appreciation of The Journal for its new and progressive methods have appeared, but the most substantial have been those embodied in new subscriptions and enlarged sales and advertising.

## NO INCREASE OF PRICE.

In view of added value in character, variety, and amount of matter given with the Weekly Journal, our readers will doubtless join in our gratification at the announcement that there will be no increase of the price, so that a paper which was regarded as remarkably moderate in price when consisting of only four pages will be found much more so now, when the number of pages has been doubled.

THE B STON WEEKLY JOURNAL,  
Only One Dollar Per Annum,  
POSTAGE INCLUDED.

The inducements for clubs will also continue to be strong, and the arrangements favorable  
10 Copies (one extra to originator of the Club) . . . . . \$10  
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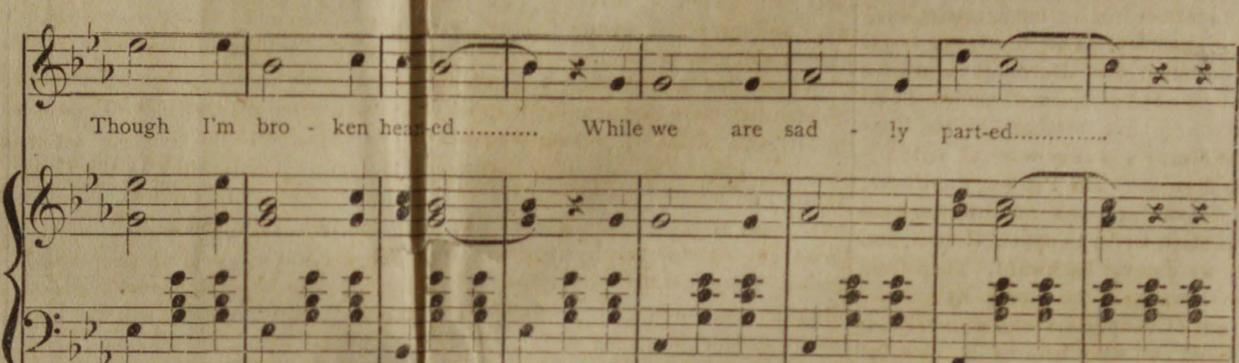
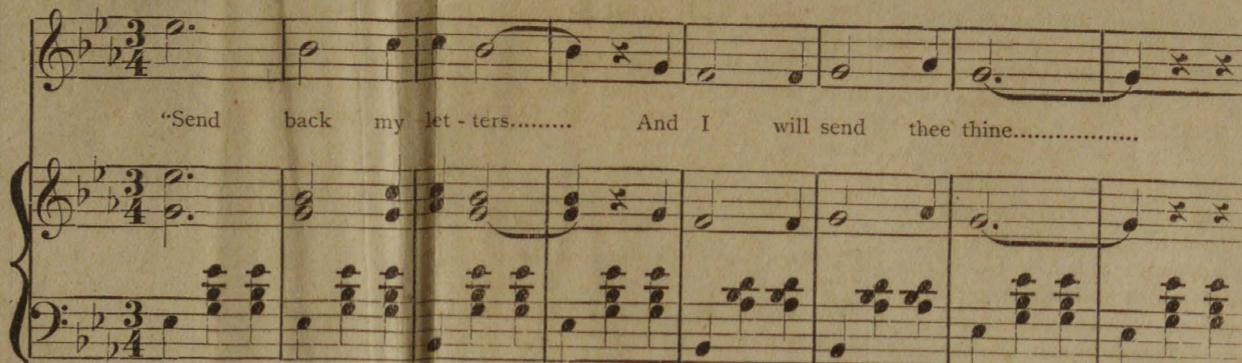
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Send Back My Letters.

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M. B. WILSON, 282 Essex St.

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in all the new designs. Also Infant's Bonnets, Neckties, Veilings, Aprons, etc.

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RUFUS H. BROWN, President.

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New deposits commence drawing Inter-  
on the third Wednesday of February,  
May, August and November.Dividends are payable semi-annually  
on the third Wednesday of May and  
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ARCHITECT,

New Peabody Block

Next south of Salem Post Office,

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SALEM, - MASSFRAZER AXLE  
GREASE  
BEST IN THE WORLD.  
Flavoring qualities are unsurpassed, actually  
lasting two boxes of any other grease  
affected by heat. GET THE GENUINE  
FOR SALE BY DEALERS GENERALLY.

## The Home Treatment.

THE GREAT DISCOVERY  
FOR THE  
CURE OF ALCOHOLISM.

Treatment at home at a very low price, within the reach of all. Those addicted to drink, or their friends, should investigate this great discovery. Homes are made pleasant.

## Permanent Cure. Safe.

Write for full particulars. All inquiries promptly answered. Correspondence in all cases strictly confidential. Agents wanted.

Positively all appetite for liquor leaves the patient in a few days after beginning the treatment.

THE HOME TREATMENT IS  
THE DISCOVERY OF AN EMINENT  
PHYSICIAN.

LAREDO, N. H., April 23, 1894.  
Gentlemen: I have tried your Treatment and it effected a permanent cure, and after drinking liquor for some twenty years, I have not the least appetite for alcohol in any shape. It is a safe and I would say a safe and sound treatment to give it a trial as it will surely do its work well. Its low price, real merit and opportunity of being cured at home is a great help to anyone who wishes to be a man. W. B. SWARTZ,  
Contractor and Builder,  
HOME TREATMENT CO.,  
Lancaster, N. H., U. S. A.

## The Home Treatment.

## Removal!

The undersigned has removed his

## Livery Business

From the old hotel stable on Mill  
Street, to the

## Shackley Stable

Corner of Foster and Summer streets.

Entrance on Summer street.

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Telephone 509-2.

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Curriers' and  
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Telephone 502-4.

Boston Revere Beach &amp; Lynn R.R.

Summer Time-Table, July 1, 1894.

Leave Boston for Lynn and Winthrop at  
7 05, 7 35, 8 05, 8 35, 9 05, 9 35, 10 05, 10 35,  
11 05, 11 35 A. M., 12 05, 12 35, 1 05, 1 35,  
2 05, 2 35, 3 05, 3 35, 4 05, 4 35, 5 05, 5 35, 6 05  
6 35, 7 05, 7 35, 8 05, 8 35, 9 30, 10 30 and 11 30  
P. M.

Leave Lynn for Boston at 6 10, 7, 7 30, 8,  
8 30, 9, 9 30 10, 10 30, 11, 11 30 A. M., 12 M.,  
12 30, 1, 1 30, 2, 2 30, 3, 3 30, 4, 4 30, 5, 5 30, 6,  
6 30, 7, 7 30, 8, 8 35, 9 30 and 10 30 P. M.

## SUNDAY TRAINS.

Leave Boston for Lynn and Winthrop at  
9 30, 10, 10 30, 11, 11 30 A. M., 12 M., 12 30, 1,  
1 30, 2, 2 30, 3, 3 30, 4, 4 30, 5, 5 30, 6, 6 30, 7  
7 30, 8, 8 30, 9, 9 30 and 10 30 P. M.

Leave Lynn for Boston at 8 45, 9 30, 10,  
10 30, 11, 11 30 A. M., 12 M., 12 30, 1, 1 30, 2,  
2 30, 3, 3 30, 4, 4 30, 5, 5 30, 6, 6 30, 7, 7 30, 8,  
8 30, 9 and 9 30 P. M.

H. L. HOYT, JOHN A. FENNO,  
G. T. A. Supt.  
Boston, July 1, 1894.

A CONUNDRUM.—Will Peabody  
support a

YOUNG UPHOLSTERER  
You have a chance to do it.  
Every description of upholster work repaired.  
Old mattresses made as good as new and  
new mattresses of all kinds made to order of  
the best materials.  
Carpets made up and laid; carpets relaid.  
Shades and drapery furnished in every style.  
Drop me a postal card and I will call with  
a good line of samples, and give estimates of  
best of work

J. T. CASSINO,  
Practical Upholsterer.

STEVENS STREET, PEABODY.

Slates at G. R. Norton's, S. M. Warner's.

## NOTICE!

Having purchased the interests  
and business of MERRIAM & CO.,  
and C. H. WARREN & CO., Coal  
Dealers, Danversport, we are pre-  
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## Coal and Wood

At moderate prices, and hope by  
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## Coal &amp; Wood

Wood sawed or split

To merit a share of the public patronage.

Orders may be left at No. 3  
Allen's Block, Peabody.J. H. PUNCHARD,  
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Residence 15 Main St., Peabody

## What is the Use

of suffering, when 25 cents  
will buy a bottle of

## Renne's

## PAIN-KILLING

## Magic Oil.

"It Works like a Charm"

for Sore Throat, Cramps, Cholera Morbus, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and Pains of all kinds.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Domestic Animals need

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The Peabody Press,  
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F. G. PRESTON, Editor;  
TERMS:  
\$2.00 per year; \$1.00 for six months;  
50 cents for three months.  
SATURDAY, SEPT. 1, 1894.

SOME of the County editors are trying to create an artificial sentiment in favor of County Commissioner Bishop, by putting out the statement that Commissioners Dauforth and Smith are unqualified for conducting the business of the Board without Bishop to steer them. This is not only not true, but it is an insult to the former, at least, who has had two years experience in the affairs of the Board, and even so far as Mr. Smith is concerned, is a reflection upon his judgment and general ability.

It took somebody a good while to learn the art of throwing dust in the eyes of the people, but that art has now been acquired and transmitted to the new members as a sort of introductory ceremonial when they assumed the duties of the office. There are many monstrosities that have already been exposed in the near past, that led to the movement of reorganization by the people, and there are some methods not already touched upon that would form fruitful sources of inquiry. The customs of the Board, that have been in vogue for years, need changing, and there is no one so well qualified to introduce a change as a new, live man.

New blood will result in benefit to the public in many ways, and the people should not be bluffed or humbugged into inaction by any cry of incompetence. It is not so long ago these same editors were sounding a similar alarm at the prospect of removal of Col. Raymond. They would have had the people believe the sun would stop in its course if the Colonel were removed, but he was removed, and things went right along, and nobody dreamed that the guiding spirit of the Board had been taken from the council board.

Let us have a new man and a good one and take the chances. The remaining members are not infants nor imbeciles. They have knowledge and experience enough to go alone.

Another against the unspoken protest of President Cleveland. There is not enough free trade in it for him, but it is the nearest approach to it that he will ever live to see. The wheel of misfortune will not drop the democrats into power again for many years.

The President might have stuck to his point against the sugar trust schedule, but the middle course he adopted, while it must be rather humiliating to his imperious will, is, on the whole, the best for the country. A nearer approach to prosperity can be reached under a semi free trade bill than under the chaotic conditions that have existed for the past year.

The Peabody Press' recommendation for Hon. B. F. Southwick as a councillor, is that Peabody has not had a county office for 30 years. Very good; if the locality pleases Mr. Southwick's stronghold how it sounds to put forth the fact that Newbury never had a councillor? If locality is argument then Mr. Dame of Newbury is the man who merits support. —[Newburyport News.]

That is all very true, but Mr. Dame is a Newburyport business man and is really Newburyport's candidate, and that city has had a Councillor within the memory of people now living.

The PEABODY PRESS thinks it would not be unfair to have a man from that section of the county chosen county treasurer. The assurance of the PRESS is simply overpowering. —[Haverhill Gazette.]

No brother, it is not our assurance but the fear of a change that has overpowered you.

WE RECEIVED A CALL this week from Hon. Samuel L. Sawyer, who was in town looking after his fences. He freely admitted that Peabody was solid for B. F. Southwick, but outside of this town thought his chances about even and was very hopeful.

SENATOR GOEMAN has won a great battle and now his physicians have ordered him to Europe to recuperate. It would have been well if Congress had gone in a body, a year ago.

State Library to be Moved.

The new state library in the State House extension will probably be ready for occupancy early in October, at least, the State House Commissioners have informed Librarian Tillinghast that they hope to have the new quarters ready by that time. The work of removing the 80,000 volumes to the new building and arranging them on the shelves will be no light task, and the work will be made more difficult if carried on during the cold weather.

(Continued from 1st Page.)  
gift of the engine, the General also presented a bell to the Volunteer company. This is the bell that now hangs in the turret of the hose house on Pierpont street, and it has something of a history. It is said to be a convent bell from the valley of Mexico; it is covered with Latin inscriptions and it has a very peculiar tone. It was used on the old depot in Salem at the opening of the railroad, and was rung to announce the arrival and departure of trains. Corporal Pitman had charge of the ringing of the bell. He was a noted character in those days and performed his duties with a pompousunction that was delicious. Now, the General's house was not in South Danvers then, for the line was not changed until later, and he himself was chief of the Salem fire department, yet his sympathies were always with us, and his munificence was not bounded by town lines.

The Volunteer company was always a cosmopolitan organization, and in the ranks were men from various sections of a curiously located district. South Danvers extended down to the big tree on Boston street on one side, while the west side up to the brook, near Gen. Sutton's wool shop, was a part of Salem. From Boston street, therefore, came a gang of young firemen that had few superiors for activity, intelligence and reliability. The Converse boys, Joe Dodge, the Burdicks and the Swaseys were conspicuous among them.

There were five brothers in the Converse family and they were all enthusiastic firemen. The Peirces, the Prices, the Trasks and the Southwicks lived from Main street to upper Holton, and they were never backward. Then from Dublin was sent out a very lively contingent of youngsters who were always on hand and who became in time full-fledged Volunteers and were always eager partisans. Amongst these were the Andrews brothers, the Gilberts, and also the Carroll boys.

With such an aggregation, requiring only the right kind of a leading spirit, the company could not help being prompt, active and efficient. They were fortunate in their captains, and on many occasions were led to glory and victory under the lead of Stephen Osborn, Joseph Hildreth, D. S. Littlefield and George C. Peirce. Under Capt. Peirce the company thrived and flourished. He was a man of great fire control of his men and he had many of the qualities which captivate a crowd and make a successful leader.

In 1854 the new Volunteer arrived and the old one returned to its generous donor. It was tested in the severest manner, pronounced satisfactory, and shortly after the company moved to their new house on Pierpont street. There was a tower in this house for drying hose, the first in this section, and a fine cistern in the cellar, from which water could be drawn by the engine without leaving the house. The hall overhead was elegantly fitted up, and the building and appointments were in advance of the times.

Great pride was taken in the engine, in the house and in the organization. Discipline was very strict and drills were frequent. When Geo. C. Peirce was on top of the machine, not a word was heard but the short, sharp note of command. The reputation of the company extended far and near, and visitors from afar were hospitably entertained. Liquor was kept out of sight, and cards and gambling tabooed. But few companies had sweeter singers, better story tellers or handier boxers.

It is safe to say that the Volunteer company performed a greater amount of fire duty than any organization in this portion of the state. Situated close to the Salem line, it was the custom to respond to every alarm from that city. The corner of Aborn street was considered the bounds, and if an engineer did not order them back, the boys were in full swing for the fire. Consequently many of the deeds which they deem glorious were performed under the eyes and for the benefit of their neighbors. They like to tell of the mansion house fire, where they worked all night and saved a building at the corner of St. Peter and Church streets, the only one left standing in the morning, of the fire one Sunday night near the North bridge, where stationed in line, they sucked one engine and washed another, of the fire in Pine street, one noon time, where they ran down without a horse, and almost in the heart of Salem, got on second water.

Comrades: this little sketch, imperfect and loosely drawn is offered to you in the kindest spirit. There is no attempt to revive animosities, or to belittle the work and the deeds of any man or men. What is written here is of events and scenes best known to the writer. To most of them he was an eye witness, in many a participant. There is a brotherhood of veterans who have no written by-laws, who are not circumscribed by the edict of league or

that summer afternoon, when on the invitation of the old Naumkeag's, whose house sat where the new court house stands, they marched down with their engine to try a stream on the spire of the Tabernacle Church. One hundred and eighty feet, there it stood, hitherto an insurmountable barrier to the darling ambition of the aspiring fire laddies. The brakes were manned, the stream mounted to the roof, ascended to the belfry, still upward, and when it flashed clear over the gilded vane, what a cheer went up from the crowd. And then the supper and the speeches and the songs and the sentiments—how fine they were, and to think it all happened thirty-five years ago.

There were many other occasions where the Volunteer was conspicuous both here and in other towns, the Taylor's mill fires, the Goodrich fires, the burning of Southwick's tannery, where she worked steadily from ten o'clock at night, until eight next morning and a fire up near the Collins house, where she draughted water away down in the marsh, and washed outrageously the Gen. Scott, a smart little engine from Topleyville.

The firemen of our town have always responded with alacrity to the cry for help. Even Boston has sought our aid, and promptly received it. Whether it is good luck or good management, or both, we have as a rule controlled our fires and quenched them. Let us pray that it will always be so.

When the first steamers came to Salem they were looked upon with suspicion and disfavor. Steam would do

well to turn mills, and propel locomotives, but none of their steamers could ever pass water or put out a fire like a good old machine manned with a stout crew.

They derided the idea, as the English parliament did George Stephenson and the first locomotive. Indeed it was not long before the Volunteer took the part of the "Coo" in a little drama. One Saturday there was an alarm from Salem, and the fire proved to be in Lynn street. The boys flew out of the Morocco shops pulling on their clothes as they went, and a quick run brought them on the scene. The big steamer Wm. Chase laid out a line of hose and could not reach, so the

Volunteer cheerfully took her but and played through two lengths of hose to the fire. For twenty-five minutes it unequal contest was kept up, and there was a flood and steam triumphed. It broke the heart of the boys, and their exertions. The writer was on command on that occasion, so I quenched the suction hose men for a long time to play across their water ways. It was a poor excuse; but it went.

The Volunteer remained in service for many years after the scenes her noted, and always sustained her reputation. It was her good fortune to be well manned and well officered, and amongst her captains of repute was Nathan H. Poor who holds the same position in the Unions today.

The old engine has fallen into worthy hands. In the ten years of her sojourn at Central Falls she has won eight plaudits, and she is sure to acquire herself with credit on every occasion. She will be at Centennial grove next Monday, and probably visit her old home. Boys give her a welcome—she is worthy of it. No modern machine made for prize winning with paint and gilding untaught by time and hard knocks, can call up old memories or share in the glorious traditions which centre around her career. The crew that manned her braked in the 50's are nearly all gone. The bones of many of them are laid from the Shenandoah to the Mississippi. Brave Bill Andrews fell at Cedar mountain, his brother Bob sleeps beneath the soil of Georgia. Rufus Leavitt and Will Swasey were killed at Chantilly, Shove, and Shepard at the Wilderness and Spotsylvania, and young Joe Dodge lies outside the crumbling bastions of Port Hudson. These few names are mentioned to show how ready were the firemen to respond to their country's call, and that patriotism and duty were synonymous in their minds.

Comrades: this little sketch, imperfect and loosely drawn is offered to you in the kindest spirit. There is no attempt to revive animosities, or to belittle the work and the deeds of any man or men. What is written here is of events and scenes best known to the writer. To most of them he was an eye witness, in many a participant. There is a brotherhood of veterans who have no written by-laws, who are not circumscribed by the edict of league or

council, and in whose hearts only friendship reigns. To these he offers the one and only toast of that Boniface which we knew so well. "Boys: here's to the times we have had; you can't rub them out."

T. C.

#### ESSEX COUNTY.

The Boston & Maine railroad have temporarily hired accommodations for three blacksmiths and machinists in Paul B. Patten's shop at Salem, and have also put some of their men in the Bridge street shops until the matter of rebuilding the burned shops is settled.

Col. John P. Sweeney of Lawrence has been confirmed as Post Master.

M. C. Decker, who is 50 years of age and who keeps a shooting gallery in Gloucester, is under arrest, charged with abducting and trying to marry Mary, the 13-year-old daughter of William McNeil. Decker came here from Maine. Friends of the girl think she is mesmerized.

A Lynn party while driving through Beverly Farms, Sunday, collided with a team driven by Albert Fish, coachman for ex-Mayor John Raymond of Salem. Fish dislocated his left arm and shoulder, and Charles Smith, who was in the carriage with him, received a cut on the arm. The Lynn party kept on the road to Manchester without seeing how bad the accident was.

Lynn has a big labor celebration Monday, aided by a \$200 appropriation by the city government.

The annual cattle show of the Essex County society will be held at Haverhill the 18th, 19th, and 20th.

Judge Bond will open the September term of the Superior Court at Salem, Monday. No business will be transacted until Tuesday as it is a legal holiday.

Canon Nemo of Albany was entertained by Salem Odd Fellows, Monday evening and Tuesday forenoon.

Many Essex County Knights of Pythias were in Washington this week attending the parade.

#### Many Years of Matrimony.

Mr. and Mrs. Stone of 133 Washington street, Lynn, celebrated the 62d anniversary of their marriage Monday, at their home, and the members of their family and many friends called during the day and evening to offer congratulations and small tokens of memory for the aged couple. Both are in excellent health, and enjoyed the occasion very much.

Mr. Stone is a native of Lynn, and was born in 1811. He was one of the first constables under the old town of Lynn government and was for a time janitor of the old Lyceum hall. He was also a member of the board of health at the time the cholera raged in the workhouse in the 40's. He has also been a coroner, city marshal, deputy marshal and for many years was janitor of the old Methodist church that stood where Lee hall now stands.

Mrs. Stone was also born in Lynn the same year as her husband.

Mr. Stone is the father of William Stone, the present superintendent of Pine Grove cemetery.

An anniversary of this nature is a rare event.

#### Local Politics.

The political parties will hold but one caucus this fall, under the new caucus law, and all the delegates will then be nominated, also a candidate for the legislature and a new town committee will be chosen, each party doing all the business which has heretofore required two or three caucuses, on one night. The Republicans will renominate Representative Quint for a second term and the Democrats are looking over the field. Mr. Carroll can have the nomination again if he wants it, and it is said that he would poll more votes than he did last year because the Republican candidate is not so strong as he was a year ago.

In case of his declining to run a possible candidate for the nomination is W. A. Galecia of South Peabody, for several years a member of the board of selectmen. —[Peabody Cor. News.]

One Amesbury candidate for the republican nomination for County Commissioner has been brought forward. If faithful service in the interest of one's party counts for anything, Mr. Garland should receive strong support. —[Amesbury News.]

During the past few days word has come from several towns in this vicinity that they would support the name of John M. Garland of this town for republican candidate for County Commissioner. Amesbury has never had a County Commissioner and there is no reason why we should not have one. Mr. Garland would make a strong candidate before the convention and it is hoped that he will allow the use of his name. —[Haverhill Bulletin.]

Children Cry for  
Pitcher's Castoria.

#### Everything connected with Butter

—churns, patters, tubs, firkins—ought to be washed with Pearline. That gets at the soaked in grease as nothing else in the world can. Things may seem to be clean when you've washed them in the usual way; but use Pearline, and they really are clean. It might make all the difference, sometimes, between good butter and bad. Wherever you want thorough cleanliness, or want to save your labor, the best thing to do is to use Pearline.

Send it Back Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—send it back.

33 JAMES PYLE, New York.

## SHORTHAND, TYPEWRITING, BOOK-KEEPING, PENMANSHIP, ARITHMETIC, COMMERCIAL LAW, GRAMMAR, CORRESPONDENCE, Etc., at the BOSTON COMMERCIAL COLLEGE, No. 1 BEACON ST., cor. of Tremont Street, BOSTON, MASS.

This College is the most conveniently located of any for persons coming in at the Northern Depots. The instruction is unsurpassed and the College has been noted for years for the thoroughness of its work.

It is endorsed by leading educators and business men and no other college of its kind in New England can show an equally strong endorsement.

The instruction is individual and is adapted to the need of each student.

While the rates are no higher than others the location and accommodation are better than those possessed by other colleges.

The regular fall term begins Tuesday, Sept. 5, 1894, but students are received at any time.

Send or call for circular.

#### OBITUARY.

John S. Torr died at his residence on Washington street Monday forenoon, after a long illness, of consumption. He has been about most of the time during his sickness, excepting the last five weeks, when he was confined to the house and for some time to his bed.

He was born in Peabody September 3, 1828, his father being the late Andrew Torr.

He learned the tanning business and followed his trade for some years, when he was appointed an Inspector in the Boston Custom House, where he remained until a change in administration resulted in his removal, after which he was engaged in the leather business and has been connected therewith, in some way or other until within a few months. His latest connection with the business was that of broker of hides and leather.

He was a staunch republican and formerly took an active part in politics.

He was a member of Jordan Lodge F. & A. M.

He leaves a widow and eight children.

Moses Wingate, a brother of the late James R. Wingate of this town, died at San Jose, California, just three weeks after the decease of his brother.

He was not personally so well known here; but leaves a widow who went from this vicinity to California some years ago, Miss Abbie Phelps, book-keeper at Busby & Johnson's and Samuel Trask's for several years.

Frank Reed died at his residence on Lynn street Tuesday of heart failure, at the age of 37 years.

Deceased was a son of the late William W. Reed and was born in Peabody. He was a shoemaker by trade and had worked for Warren Shaw & Co., of late. He was in his usual health until a week before his death and was not at any time considered dangerously ill.

He leaves a widow and one son, his widow being a sister to Mrs. Otis Williams who died about two weeks ago.

He was a member of Ship Rock Lodge, New England Order of Protection of this town.

The funeral will take place from the church at South Peabody at 2:30 this afternoon.

The committee of the Sons of the Revolution has secured as complete a list as possible of the names of the soldiers who fought in the war of independence, and the locations of their graves. It is its intention to have every grave in the state marked in a suitable manner. The tablets cost \$1, and the society has petitioned towns and cities in which are interred the remains of revolutionary soldiers to appropriate special funds for the purchase of the tablets. Many cities have complied, and it is expected that others will accede to the modest and patriotic request.

Irving W. Lar



# CRYSTALLINE SALT

PUT UP IN ROUND CARTONS

It does very well to pack common salt, into rough wooden boxes or cheap cotton bags, but for snow white table salt round cartons are the correct thing.

They are dust-tight, handy and convenient.

**CAUTION.** Since CRYSTALLINE became so popular, salt has been put into the market in round cartons, which somewhat resemble the Crystalline cartons. Get the stuff inside that's different.

TELL YOUR GROCER YOU WANT CRYSTALLINE.

GOING ON A VACATION?  
TO NOVA SCOTIA?  
THE LAND OF EVANGELINE.

TAKE THE  
YARMOUTH STEAMSHIP LINE.

Shortest! Cheapest! Best!

Four trips per week each way. Leaving Lewis' Wharf, Boston, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at 12 o'clock.

The unrivaled boats,

**"BOSTON" AND "YARMOUTH,"**  
are still in commission and make close connections with provincial boats and trains.

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## THE MOST USEFUL MAGAZINE

to the business man, the lawyer, the physician, the clergyman, the teacher, the politician, and short, to every one who is interested in affairs which concern the American public, and who wishes to keep fully abreast of the times, is

## THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

Every subject of importance is dealt with in its pages, impartially, on both sides, at the very time when the course of events brings it to the front, by the very men or women whose opinions are most valued. The REVIEW does not hesitate at the most liberal expenditure in order to secure articles from the highest authorities. Its list of contributors forms a role of the representative men and women

etc.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is the most widely read magazine of its class in the world, being neither scholastic nor technical, but popular and practical in its treatment of all topics.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is only periodical of its kind which has a recognized place as

## A FAMILY MAGAZINE

This is because it devotes much attention to subjects that are of particular interest to women.

No other periodical in the world can point to such a succession of distinguished writers as have contributed to the Review during the past four years. The list embraces America and British Cabinet Ministers; United States Senators and Representatives; Governors of States; American Ministers abroad; Foreign Ministers to the United States; Judges of the Supreme Court; Ecclesiastical dignitaries and eminent theologians of every denomination; officers of Army and Navy; famous physicians and scientists; and in general men and women whose names are household words throughout the English speaking world.

The justice sat gravely thinking. I am very sorry," said he, "that such a case has been brought before me. I did not make the laws. I am simply a servant placed here to execute them. You appear to be a young man of promise, and this arrangement is exceedingly unfortunate. Have you any thing to say?" I had a great deal to say. I told him that I had never heard of such a law that I had been brought up to most un-

## WHEN MA WAS NEAR.

I didn't have one bit of fear 'Bout nothin' tall when ma was near. The clouds could break up in the sky Or 'fore the wind in white streaks fly, But somehow 'nuther I didn't kee' A snap for them when ma was near.

Goblins that sneak at night to skeer Us little folks—when ma was near Jes' fairly flew and wouldn't stay Round there one bit, but runned away, An didn't seem to be one bit queer— They couldn't help it when ma was near.

It wasn't bad to be sick where You felt the joy that ma was near. The throbs of pain couldn't stay much Under the cooling of her touch, But seemed to stand in mortal fear Of everything when ma was near.

—Edward N. Wood.

## A SPECIAL CODE.

Experience, the shrewdest expounder of a principle, the most acute logician, the wisest of all counselors, is some profound thinker took occasion to remark, like the red light at the rear end of a railway train—it illuminates only the path gone over. This may not be the exact wording, the fine shading of the profound thinker, but I care not so much for his wording as for his idea, not so much for his shading as for his truth. Swinging behind a train which at times rushes wild through my fancy there is a red light, and its dull rays fall upon a path gone over, one leading out from a newspaper. One morning it came out, broad in assertion, boastful in big type, declaring that it had come to stay, but the afternoon had come a man whose political pull had put him into the sheriff's office as a deputy stood at the entrance of the counting room—where nothing had been counted—tacking a card on the door, driving shingle nails into the sore breast of a once buoyant hope. Well, that was all there was to the paper, and it wasn't much, surely—an idle lesson learned at a lazy noon—but what followed was an experience. I set out upon a stroll down through the cypress districts of west Tennessee. The weather was charming, a pink June, and the sun set that evening with a glow that promised romantic adventure. Rain was pouring down a week later, and romance was nowhere in sight. I went to a barn and lay in the fodder to wait for it. Lightning struck the barn, and I tumbled out, stunned, scared half to death, and took to my heels across a meadow.

Some one cried stop, and then a gun went off. I stopped, and a man ran up and arrested me. Lightning had set the barn on fire, and of course I was accused of it. I went with the man and stood near while he swore out a warrant for my arrest and then acknowledged that I was aware that I was in custody. By this time a number of furious citizens had arrived, and I began to fear lest they might not wait for the slow processes of the law. My experience with the daily newspaper had taught me something of legal procedure, and I asked the justice if I might have a change of venue.

"What's that?" he asked.

"Thank you for a change of venue," said I.

This set them all a-laughing. I had not asked for such a thing before and did not know the exact wording. I felt sure that I couldn't miss it if I were only polite. But I did miss it and they poked merciless jests at my ignorance.

After awhile court was called to order, mirth was put aside, and I was told that the charge against me was excessive.

"I must defend myself or spend much of my future time in prison. I have, but a very short defense," said I.

The truth is that I didn't set fire to the barn. I had no matches about me, and I was too wet when I went in there to set fire to anything. The things were set on fire by lightning."

"We grant all that, you honor," replied the man who had taken the prosecution of the case, "but what right had he in the barn? And besides let him prove that the lightning would have struck the barn if he hadn't been in there. To my certain knowledge, this barn has been standing for the last 20 years, and I can prove that it was never struck before. It is well known in science that certain people attract lightning, and the law plainly says that during showers these people should keep out of barns."

"Yes, sir," answered a lank man at the rear end of the room.

"You studied science for a number of years, didn't you?"

"I was professor of it for a long time, sir."

"Well, can you tell by examination whether or not a man is an attractor of lightning?"

"I ought to, sir, for I was examiner for this part of the state."

"Will you please step up and examine this man?"

"With pleasure, sir."

He examined my hair, rubbed my head and then shook his own. "I should say, sir, that this would be a mighty dangerous man to be near while lightning is flashing around."

"Then, sir, in view of the fact that this barn was never before struck by lightning, would you be willing to give it as your opinion that the prisoner was the cause of the—well, we'll say accident?"

"I certainly give that opinion, sir."

"Well, then, your honor," continued the prosecutor, "there is but little more to do. Of course this man cannot help his unfortunate attraction for lightning; but, then, neither can a mad dog help being mad. I will now leave him to you."

The justice sat gravely thinking.

"I am very sorry," said he, "that such a

case has been brought before me. I did not make the laws. I am simply a

servant placed here to execute them. You

appear to be a young man of promise,

and this arrangement is exceedingly unfortunate. Have you any thing to say?"

I had a great deal to say. I told him

that I had never heard of such a law

that I had been brought up to most un-

der the shadow of the state house; that I had written up many a police court, and that I didn't believe I had more of an attraction for lightning than any one else.

He gravely shook his head. "You perhaps did not know," said he, "that what is law in this part of the state may not be law in other parts. This division of the state has a peculiar local right, ceded to it at the time of the Louisiana purchase." He had me there, and I could say nothing. "We get many of our ideas from the French, and while they may appear ridiculous to the more Anglo-Saxon parts of the great commonwealth we—but there is no use arguing with you. I may explain, however, that persons convicted under the scientific code are not sent to the regular state penitentiary, but to a prison down Bayou Long. It is a rough place, and I regret to see you go there, but there is no need to express sympathy."

"Before direct sentence is passed," spoke up an old man who had hitherto said nothing, "let us see if there is not some way of saving this man. There is among the old statutes which we were permitted to take from the French a clause which says that when a man has been convicted under the scientific code he may be saved by some reputable young woman, who shall come forward and offer to marry him. Now, who knows of a woman who would be likely to marry this man?"

"We are obliged to you," declared the prosecuting attorney, springing to his feet. "We can save him. I know of a woman." He wrote a note and gave it to a boy. "Present this to Miss Lily Mayfield," he said.

Lily! That wasn't bad. Better to take a lily in all her glory than to toil in a prison, and so I waited. We had not long to wait. "Here she is," said the prosecuting attorney. And then there stepped into the room the most hideous creature I have ever seen. A nightmare put upon its feverish mettle to portray the horrible could not produce a more repulsive human being. I grabbed my hat and darted through the door. I did not look back when they yelled at me to stop, I did not look back until I had run more than a mile, but at every jump I could see that horrible woman's face.

A year later I was in Nashville. The legislature was in session. One evening in a street car I heard two country representatives talking. "Oh, yes," said one of them, "old Bob is full of revenge. You remember that a newspaper roasted him for something during the last session. Well, sir, I'll tell you what he did. The paper failed, you know, and one of the fellers that had been connected with it went out on a stroll, and he strolled down into old Bob's neighborhood. The fellow didn't know Bob, but Bob knew him and saw him passing by and put up a job on him. And luck came his way, for the fellow went into a barn, and just then the barn was struck by lightning. I forgot how they worked it, but they arrested the fellow, who was considerable of a greenhorn, by the way, and carried him through some sort of a trial and pretended that they were going to make him marry a woman, but she wasn't a woman, but a man that had been fixed up for the occasion. Well, they say that fellow skipped through the door when he saw the thing that was to be his wife and ran a mile without looking back. Yes, old Bob is full of revenge."—Opie Read in Minneapolis Tribune.

**An Accommodating Earthquake.**

Earthquakes play queer pranks sometimes, and few on record are queerer than an incident of the trembler of 1868. The story is told by Colonel George W. Grannis, who vouches for its authenticity, as he witnessed the extraordinary incident with his own eyes and knows there was no deception. Colonel Grannis was agent of the Montgomery block at that time—an enviable position in more ways than one, because the building was the legal and business center of San Francisco. Here are the veteran colonel's own words:

"I was in my office," said he, "when the first shock came in the evening. That was the earthquake of 1868, the only tough shakeup we ever had in California. Well, I could hear the shouts of people outside and the noise of falling signs and chimneys, but knowing that General Halleck had constructed the building as he would a fortress, according to his ideas of civil engineering, I did not feel the least uneasy. The moment the shock had subsided I ran toward the back of the building to see that the walls were all right. I was on the second floor, and, do you know, the back wall had sprung out and leaned over. I could see the sky between the wall and floors. This was a fearful state of affairs, so I went to engineers and architects. They said it was impossible to pry that thick wall back into place. There was no purchase to get a move on it. Well, I just began that evening to make arrangements to have the wall torn down at considerable expense. That night another shock came from east to west, and what do you think, sir? Honest, so help me, the wall was put back into its place, with the joists fitting perfectly by the holes. There was nothing but a crack left in the plaster."—San Francisco Call.

**Superstition Among Lion Tamers.**

Lion tamers, while not as superstitious as gamblers, have certain superstitions which affect them strongly. For instance, they are much averse to attempting difficult feats on a Friday, and they know well how good at this sort of thing they are.

"I fear this will not be such a neat roel as yours," I say, speaking as easily as I can and bending over the lion to hide my troubled face. "You know I'm never good at this sort of thing." He is on the 13th of the month. Miss "I know," shortly.

"I certainly give that opinion, sir." "Well, then, your honor," continued the prosecutor, "there is but little more to do. Of course this man cannot help his unfortunate attraction for lightning; but, then, neither can a mad dog help being mad. I will now leave him to you."

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## SWEET PEAS.

Sweet peas of many colors, pink and blue, and dusky purple mellowing to a hue of brown veined crimson when I look at you. I think my eyes have borrowed of your dew.

Because I knew you long ago, mayhap Your white face looking from a purple cap, And your fine bonnet with a modest flap, And loved you as you lay upon my lap.

Because I like the dear old fashioned traits, Your stately carriage and your gracious ways; Because my heart can never cease to praise The tender beauty of the bygone days;

Because you smell of gardens long ago, With old world lilies standing in a row, And daffodils with their gaudy furzelow, Is this the reason why I love you so?

Because—because, oh, blossoms, you have read My secret heart, you seem to bow your head For pity and pity of the dead.

Because perchance I leave a name unsaid.

—Frank Leslie's Monthly.

ward and laying a detaining hand on his arm. "Oh, don't, Jack!"

"Why not?" pausing. "You don't want them, and I'm sure I don't."

"I—do. Please give them back to me."

"What for?"

"To keep! To remind me!"

"Of my folly?"

"Of my own, I—"

"Your folly is over and done with.

Our engagement is broken off," he says moodily. "Better forget it ever existed."

"I cannot do that," with an irrepressible little sob. "I am waiting for those letters."

"Take them, then." And he throws them down on the table. "Keep them to compare with Horne's if you like. I don't care."

"How can you insult me so? What right have you to think me so mean, so heartless?" I cry indignantly. "And you cared for me once, or pretended to."

"I did care, I care now, though I know I'm only a fool for my pains," bitterly. "Heartless, do you say? How can I help thinking you heartless after your conduct last night?"

"My conduct? And what of yours?"

If I danced with Frank, and, yes, flirted with him a little, you were flirting all the time with Celia and Mollie, and, oh, there wasn't a girl in the room that you didn't flirt with! You know there wasn't."

"Yes, and you should know that there is safety in numbers," he retorts, fixing his dark eyes on mine reproachfully.

"But you, Maud, you flirted with Frank all the time, and no one but Frank—a very different thing."

"And what was I to do when you deserted me? Sit still and look miserable?"

"You did—on the instant."

"And you blame me for that now? Did you not mean me to take you at your word?"

"Not like that," slowly. "You went—oh, yes—as if you were glad to go. I dare say you were, but you needn't have betrayed your feelings quite so plainly."

"I haven't the smallest intention of betraying my feelings for your gratification," he says, with some warmth.

"You have treated me shamefully, but I see little use in discussing it now



**Essex County G. A. R. Parade.**  
The arrangements for the Essex County G. A. R. parade at Manchester, Wednesday, Sept. 5, are now all completed and it is expected that there will be a large gathering of the veterans from all sections of this county, in which are located 25 Grand Army posts that are in a thriving condition.

The annual parade has never been held in Manchester, and it is understood that the citizens and summer residents and visitors of that town are already manifesting a deep interest in the occasion and evincing a disposition to contribute liberally toward helping Post 67 of Manchester in its efforts to make the day a gala one.

The route of the parade will be a short one, but the residents along the line and citizens generally will decorate their houses and stores and the public buildings.

The chief marshal is to be Colonel B. F. Cook, mayor of Gloucester, and the chief of the second division will be Comrade Joseph F. Pitman of Post 34 of Salem.

The invited guests are to be Governor Greenhalge and his executive council; Captain J. G. B. Adams, Commander in Chief, G. A. R. and staff; W. F. Wetherbee, department commander, G. A. R. and staff; Hon. W. C. Cogswell, United States House of Representatives; Hon. William Everett, M. C.; State Senator Sylvanus Smith of Gloucester; State Representatives Howard G. Lane, Jacob Tucker and Clarence Richardson of Gloucester; the selectmen of Manchester and ex-United States Minister to France, Hon. T. Jefferson Coolidge.

The dinner will probably be served by some well-known caterer in a large tent upon the village green, the price to comrades being 50 cents a plate.

Dinner tickets are to be procured by posts, of the treasurer, George O. Pierce of Post 50 of Peabody, and orders for them should be made on or before Aug. 31.

The per capita tax is placed at 10 cents, to be used in defraying general expenses.

A reception committee has been appointed by Post 67 of Manchester.

A. M. Bailey, a well known citizen of Eugene, Oregon, says his wife has for years been troubled with chronic diarrhoea and used many remedies with little relief until she tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which has cured her sound and well. Give it a trial and you will be surprised at the prompt relief it affords. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by G. S. Curtis, Druggist.

Mrs. Mary L. widow of Moses Brown, who was burned out of house and home by moth hunters, has sold the old homestead lot and rebuilt on County street. She will occupy her new home soon.

Leslie H. Golthwaite opens today his new music rooms in South Danvers National Bank building. He has fitted up in good style and included among his furnishings a beautiful Merrill piano, purchased at Roger S. Brown's music headquarters, Salem.

Rev. J. W. Colwell and two sons were guests of O. F. Newhall the first part of the week.

A special train will leave Peabody for Centennial Grove Monday at 12.40 and return about 6 o'clock. There is also a regular train that leaves Salem at 1.25 o'clock.

**FREDERIC G. PRESTON,**

**Attorney and Counselor at Law**

Special attention given to organization of corporations

**FRANK E. FARNHAM,**

**Attorney and Counsellor at Law,**

**8 ALLEN'S BLOCK,**

**Peabody, Mass.**

**ADAMSON'S BOTANIC COUGH BALSAM CURES COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, HAY FEVER AND ALL DISEASES LEADING TO CONSUMPTION**  
Regular Sizes 35¢ & 75¢

**THE GRAPEVINE SWING.**  
Blithely whistling, with agile swing,  
Leaps the farmer's boy to the grapevines swing.  
To and fro, high and low,  
Up where the winds the branches blow,  
Flying down to lightly pass  
Where bare feet ripple the blue eyed grass.  
Up again in the sunshine free,  
Back, in the shade of the maple tree,  
Spurning the ground with supple foot  
At the well worn spot at the maple's root.  
Higher; the branches strike his breast,  
There are three blue eggs in the robin's nest!  
Dropping, dropping, swiftly down,  
With a flying glimpse of the distant town,  
Back and forth in the noontide glow,  
Swinging slower and still more slow,  
Idly rocking in sun pierced gloom  
To a tremulous pause in the vine's perfume.

Springing at length where the grasses yield,  
He follows the men to the haying field.  
—Mary L. Paine in *Good Housekeeping*.

**ACID FOR MAKING SUGAR.**

**A Curious Process Which Has Met With Some Success In France.**

A very novel method of making sugar has been patented in France by M. Pellegrini. Sugar is chemically a compound of carbon, oxygen and hydrogen in such proportions that if carbonic acid, water and certain kinds of illuminating gas could be persuaded to unite in the proper quantities the composition of sugar would be exactly imitated. Hitherto no one has been able to make sugar by mixing water with two kinds of gas, but M. Pellegrini claims to have succeeded. The apparatus he uses consists of a large block of pumice stone, cleansed by soaking first in sulphuric acid and then in water, which is set in an iron box plated with nickel inside. The length of the box is three times that of the pumice stone block, which is tightly fitted in the middle, and pipes are arranged to convey the ingredients to the empty ends of the box, as required. Two of them enter from the sides and serve to bring carbonic acid and hydrocarbon gas, while another pipe from above branches so as to reach both empty portions of the box and conveys steam. All the pipes are fitted with valve and pressure gauges.

Another pipe at the bottom of the box serves as an outlet. At first this pipe is closed, as is also the steam pipe from above, and carbonic acid is forced into one end of the box, while ethylene gas is forced into the other under equal pressure and in equal volumes. A few minutes later the steam valve above is opened and the steam forced in under the same pressure. As the gases unite the pressure falls, so that the supply of each must be kept constant. At the end of half an hour the supply of gas is shut off, the outlet pipe is opened, and one of the chambers is found to be filled with sirup containing 25 per cent of sugar.

The sirup is drawn off for refining, and as soon as the apparatus is cool it is ready for a fresh charge. The ethylene gas can be obtained by roasting resin or grease, but M. Pellegrini's patent covers other hydrocarbons, such as petroleum products. The explanation is that the three gases are condensed in the pores of the pumice stone and there unite.—American Architect.

**Antiquity of Smoking.**

In the mortar of the tower of Kirkstall abbey, which fell in the year 1779, Whittaker mentions that several little "smoking pipes" were found, showing that the smoking of some herb or other was in use in England 400 years before

# THIS IS THE Merrill High Grade Piano.

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When you buy these pianos you spend your money wisely.

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**ROGER S. BROWN,  
286 ESSEX STREET, SALEM, MASS.  
FINE PIANO WORK IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.**



# LOVELL DIAMOND.

**BEST IN THE WORLD.**

**The Curse of Humanity.**  
Frau Schlemiller (standing with her second husband at the grave of her first)—Yes, here he lies, the brave warrior. You would certainly not be my husband today if my dear John had not died the death of a hero on the battlefield.  
Herr Schlemiller (pensively)—Yes, war is the curse of humanity.—Zeitspiegel.

**Ragamuffin, Ragamofin.**  
It was first met with in "Piers Plowman" and meant "one of the demons of hell." In "Piers Plowman" they also met with "ragman"—made from "rage man"—meaning "the devil." "Ragman's roll," of Scotch origin, came into use as a slang term for a lying document or "rigmarole."—Academy.

Weber was very temperate in his habits, but insisted on drinking three glasses of wine and no more every day with his dinner.